

We see by night a car cruising through the city.

TXT WIFE

Where are you?
... driving?
... again?
come home, I made the chicken
tomato soup.

The small car again from up high pulls on the right side under a street light. A man comes from a building and enters the car.

CUT TO

In the car, in the light of the streets. On a very quiet and clean central side street the man that entered the car finishes deep throating Franc's cock. He comes up from under the wheel.

Franc doesn't like the guy or what he does to his cock.

The guy is silent and his face is red and convulsed from the dt blowjob. He calms and enjoys the sperm in his mouth. Wipes his mouth and sits a little in the chair, in a strange diffused mind state. Tripping. He comes back. Looks outside if there is anyone outside to see him. Opens the door.

FRANC

Hei, wait... what's your name?

The guy turns to Franc in the car, Franc for a moment opens his soul for a connection with him, he is happy that the guy might stay and talk to him, but...

GUY

I'll tell you next time. Thanks.
Great cock. Write me...

FRANC

Thank you!?

Franc's hand that already was charged to be raised and caress the Guy's face is hovering on his pants. Not going anywhere, not resting, not being able to transmit love, to connect with love.

We see two different guys in two rooms. One of them is on a couch in darkness typing on a phone. **Franc**

The other is in a very dark brown room in bed with a phone above his head **Selle**

The screen is divided in two halves, it looks like they are talking to each other.

Anxiety is not a fallacy but another way of looking at the world.

SOLLE

I fear so many things I don't think
I can meet you.

FRANC

I understand, I am almost the same
but I can block my fear.

SOLLE

I kinda like my fear, it thought me
a lot. But I see that sometimes its
too protective with me. I want to
go through it.

FRANC

Can I help?

SOLLE

That would be so sweet of you. Why
would you do something like that?
People don't have patience with
people like me.

FRANC

Well because I've always found
great souls hidden behind fears.

SOLLE

But also horrible people.

FRANC

Oh yeah. But I see in you some kind
of beauty and kindness.

SOLLE

Oh, thank you so much. I hope I
will not be too bad.

FRANC

Don't worry, anyway you are is OK.

SOLLE

Waaa that is so beautiful. I wait
for someone to say that to me for
so many years.

FRANC

.... :*

They are chatting, by dark, only with the light from their phones. One on the couch, one in bed.

FRANC (CONT'D)
How should we do it?

SOLLE
I have an idea. I know that I feel like running away, like hiding away, so I will not come to a meet.

FRANC
Maybe you could wait for me in a place? A bar or something?

SOLLE
I don't like going out in bars.

FRANC
Maybe on the street.

SOLLE
I will be able to come close but I don't think I will be able to reach the spot. I tried before, is a great pain that comes on me and I have to run away.

FRANC
Oh, shiit. I am so sorryy.

SOLLE
You are so sweet, thank you.

FRANC
Just come out some where, maybe, and let me find you :P yeah, give me 3,4 places to look for you. That would be fun.

SOLLE
I want to find you facing a wall. Without moving, with your face covered, completely inhuman. And let me discover you and become part of you.

FRANC
What??? Wooo that's so creepy. I don't know.

SOLLE
I know, I am sorry, I never did it before myself, it just came to me. I don't fear objects, maybe is I trick myself in thinking a human is an object I will be able to get close to you.

FRANC

Don't apologize is ok. Its just so weird. You got hidden urges. I have them too. Anyway it makes sense what you say about human objects. I like that too.

SOLLE

Yes it is. Somehow that's how weird and creepy is normality for me.

... for a moment there is no answer, Franc takes another drink of cognac from his glass and thinks.

*

FLASH - A hand caressing a cock through the pants. A mouth kissing a neck and going up towards the ear. A naked ass being grabbed by a hand. (Franc and Solle)

...

*

Someone is knocking at Solle's door. He takes the phone with him and goes to the door. He opens the door, is Kyan. She has a big stone in her hands, and her hands are blackened.

*

*

KYAN

Buna...

*

*

Solle o priveste inca conectat la conversatia din telefon. Ea observa lunga pauza, se astepta la altfel de primire.

*

*

KYAN (CONT'D)

...ma primesti? Ti-am adus niste mincare, facuta de mine.

*

*

*

Ii arata piatra mare de riu pe care o are in mina neagra.

*

Kyan speaks romanian and she understands english and the others understand her.

*

*

KITCHEN WITH TUB

There is a small kitchen in a loft, there is no table, just a narrow place for a plate, in the kitchen there is also the bathtub of the apartment.

Kyan a skinny sad blonde girl sits between the narrow table and the bathtub on a white stool. She is naked covered only in a long towel. Her hair is still wet, with one of her legs she sits on the chair, her hand sits gently on the bathtub. There is silence, she looks in a void. The light of her face is like telling the story of her mind and tired soul.

She is alone, and trapped, but somehow she feels like floating in an immense inside not static, not confined, but like all the space is breathing with her, like all the space is made out of her own essence.

Kyan opens her mouth, but uncertain to utter words. She closes it back. Her beauty transcends the barren kitchen. She is the light the hope the love of that space, all pointed in her, all attracted by her, stolen from all things and spaces. Her voice is gutted, like something is blocking her air coming out. Like her body is filled with a weird material that makes her insensitive to the world around.

KYAN

I've lost *my* love. I've lost my connection with the world of *my* love. Do you remember when you opened it inside me? When you found the entrance in it? I've lost it. I live like in dry cement now, its all covered in cement, nothing can be really touched. Nothing really lived. What happened, how did I lost it? Why? What have I done wrong?

...

She goes to the bathtub, in it there is a beautiful young dark skin man named Solle. He has his eyes closed. ~~She is completely in love with him, completely mesmerized by the power of his beauty.~~ She puts her hand in the water and caresses his body, his chest, belly cock and legs. His face and small micro shades of shin on his neck and face.

Solle acts like there is no one near him, no one touching him. He is alone.

[OMG you are so beautiful, looking at you is like looking at my open soul, I would kill for you, I would kill myself if I would lose you. You are my life]

Solle is now alone in the bathtub, the water is going down as a caress in itself.

DARK ROOM BED

KYAN

Solle, please help me. Please give me back my love.

SOLLE

Shhhh... come... become me.

Solle puts a hand on Kyan's forehead and eyes and opens her mouth and lets falling from his mouth a long white liquid that fills her mouth but is not swollen. Her mouth remains open and filled like a lake with the white liquid.

With the other hand he goes down between her legs and puts it deep into her pussy it feels like something brakes she spasms and the white liquid goes down her throat, he take his hand out of the pussy, a white hand filled with the white liquid now a sort of pieces of secretions am organs. He puts it on her right up to her chin. He takes his hand from her eyes and waits for her to open them. They are looking on into the others eyes. He kisses her white mouth and pulls her on top of him. They kiss and they fuck in a soft tender waving way of the bodies. Their bodies completely glued one to the other.

Seeing them from above we see how his hand that hug her disappear and her back becomes his. And how he remains alone in the bed in a similar position with her ontop of him.

It is her, but now in his body.

And she is ghostly somewhere in the corner of the room. Being him.

SOLLE-SHE
Why have you done this?

KYAN-HE
I haven't, you did it.

Kyan answers with a released voice but whispering like ghost. Without being able to walk or move properly like being tided to Solle, like being a kite of Solle flying only around her.

SOLLE-SHE
Look at my hands. Look at my bread.
I am now free to find love again.

KYAN-HE
You are God. Bless the world around
you.

SOLLE-SHE
You are God.

FRANC TROUBLING SCENE IN CAR

We see text on him driving

TXT WIFE
Have you found another one?
Come home, leave your whores.

Franc takes his phone and presses the sounds until off - we see the sound off on screen. No more texts on the screen. We hear bit by bit the sound of the street.

We see Franc at the border of a shallow unmade lake. Near his parked car, looking at the birds and insects and plants that are all over. His phone rings again. Wife - Ana Love, he doesn't answer.

A cute fat guy with big eyes, that has a work bag on his shoulder, comes to him from behind.

FAT GUY
Are you ok, friend?

FRANC
Yes, thank you. Problems at home.

FAT GUY
Oh... I hope it was good for you.
You don't regret our fuck.

He comes closer to Franc and kisses him on the mouth. Franc doesn't really enjoys it.

FRANC
I love it man, thank youu.

Franc puts his hand on the guy's shoulder.

FAT GUY
I love it too. Your cock is so powerful and deep. Long time since I felt so passionate.

He puts his hand on Franc's cock.

FAT GUY (CONT'D)
I have to go. I will be late for work.

FRANC
Let me drive you.

FAT GUY
No its ok, I take the metro. I want to dream about our fuck until work. Among all those dreadful people. Take care.

The fat guy is getting farther and farther. For Franc the encounter with him is already a dream, an illusion, an uncertain reality. The Fat Guy turns back and looks at Franc. He sais as for himself.

FAT GUY (CONT'D)
Don't let reality fuck you up man.
You are magiic.

Franc doesn't hear what he said. He waves politely. Fat Guy turns and leaves.

He takes his phone out and writes a text.

FRANC

I think I am going to do it. You
are so sweet and gentle. I need
you.

Franc is alone on the edge of the forgotten lake.

6

ROOM SOLLE

6

Kyan-he reads the message on his phone. She smiles. Solle-she
is in the room in front of a mirror, naked, **weirdly dancing**.
Looking at her new male body. Touching her new felt body.

KYAN-HE

(texting)

I love you.

KYAN-HE (CONT'D)

(to Solle)

You are now my male side.

SOLLE-SHE

Yes, I feel it. And I feel myself
in you.

KYAN-HE

Come, we have work to do...

Kyan-he begins to put his male clothes on.

SOLLE-SHE

Heii, those are for this body now.
You try the other ones.

Solle-she goes and takes from her hands the male clothes. But
she doesn't let go to some of them.

KYAN-HE

I know, lets mix them between us. I
don't want to be dressed as a girl.

SOLLE-SHE

And I dont want to be dressed as
male either.

They hug as the beauty of common feeling pours through them
washing away the age old frustrations of separation and
solitude in one's mind and view of the world.

SOLLE-SHE (CONT'D)

Thank you soo much for this.

KYAN-HE
Thank youu. Because I didn't do
anything. You did it.

SOLLE-SHE
Noooo, you diid.

KYAN-HE
Noooo, youuu diid. You are God.

SOLLE-SHE
You are God.

They kiss.

7 FRANC AT THE ABANDONED BUILDINGS

7

Franc is walking through some abandoned rooms in an abandoned industrial buildings. He enters the darkest room and faces a wall. He takes out a hat and puts it on his head and pulls it down on his face. Now, without a face, Franc becomes like a thrown object in the maze of abandonment.

He is alone.

8 ABANDONED BUILDINGS OUTSIDE

8

Through the barren rooms of the industrial buildings, Kyan-he is looking for Franc. Solle-she is with him. Following without knowing what is going on. Why they are here. Where is all going to lead.

SOLLE-SHE
Why have you brought me here? What
are we looking for? What are we
doing?

KYAN-HE
I don't know. Maybe we are here
because you are me. And I need me
to be here with it all.

SOLLE-SHE
No, because I am not you.

KYAN-HE
Yes you are. You are more than me
now. You are God. I am not. I never
was.

SOLLE-SHE
Yes you are.

KYAN-HE

9

ABANDONED BUILDINGS

9

Kyan-he enters the room where Franc is facing the wall. Kyan is behind him. Solle looks at Franc, takes a step forward and stops. She is afraid. She opens her mouth and utter as for herself, trying to convince herself.

Kyan-he steps near his armpit and takes his hand like in a dance, growing his hand high and higher until Franc is on one side gazing in the ground with his arm up. Kyan-he comes down his arm towards his neck.

Franc doesn't move, doesn't react. Kyan-he begins searching him, like a bodyguard at the airport. Like searching a criminal, looking for bad stuff. She is intruding in him, in his privacy, in his intimacy, she touches his cock and ass through his pants. The act is more than a search is a feeling, a feeling of all the parts of him. A feeling of his bones, his fat, his flesh through his coat and soft pants. A play with his hair, with his spine. She contemplates his shoes, and takes them off and puts his bare feet on the ground. With great care as if she transports him into another world. But doesn't yet take his hoodie off his face.

Is like stealing his emotions, his forms, to be hers. She plays with him she wants to become him. To brake all barriers between them.

KYAN-HE

I need to find you. Without moving,
without thinking. I need to have
you without your humanity at all. I
hate your humanity. (It scares me
enormously)

Franc raises his hand above, and he looks at the skies. Kyan-he get scared of his independent movement and gets back. Franc takes off his hoodie and sees that is not Solle, but Kyan the one that came to him.

Kyan-he begins to yell at him. And to throw dirt at him. Franc is confused, he looks at Solle and comes towards him.

FRANC

Solle, what is going one?

Solle goes back and looks in fear at Kyan-he.

SOLLE-SHE

Solle!! Solle!!

FRANC

What?

Franc looks at Kyan-he again.

SOLLE-SHE

Kyan-he is kneeling now and like saying a prayer sais again
and again the 'I fear you' text. And the text is fueling her
anger and she jumps at him.

*
*
*

I will make you fear me too.

*

KYAN-HE

I hate you. I hate I need you. You
make me weak. You keep me unborn. I
fear you...

I fear your desires, I fear your
traumas, I fear your body, I fear
your hand, I fear your mouth, I
fear your dreams, I fear your
beliefs, I fear your diseases, I
fear your eyes, I fear your
disorder, I fear your attractions,
I fear your joys, I fear your
image, I fear your smell, your
ugliness, your beauty, your world,
your demons, your taste, your
force. I fear your defence, your
skin, your stupidity, your violence
and animalia, your disrespect. I
fear your stones. I fear you being
a stranger, I fear your hidden
agenda, I fear your deference, your
mind and your history. I fear your
soul.

I am God

Franc begins to say what he fears about them too.

*

FRANC

I fear you...

*
*

+++ fighting, yelling, getting close, kissing in the end

*

She puts him down. She lets him go from her grasp. He moves,
he dances away, a few steps and turns to face her.

Franc slaps her from the right side. Very hard. Her head
jerks. She holds on. But he slaps her on the other side as
well and she falls on the ground.

Franc jumps on her like an animal and he searches her, with
violence like a revenge for her search for her trauma towards
him. He knows he should not do it, they are here to pass over
his animal instincts, to sublimate them somehow. Not to feed
the monsters they both are.

He bites her on the cheek. And breathes on her. So close, to
see all her small lines, small pores, all the details of her
ectoplasmic mask or head. All her smells and toxins.

FRANC (CONT'D)

Yes, I am a ferocious animal. And

FRANC (CONT'D)

Is only pain that you can
transgress fear. Defences. Power
against power. And you cannot know
that. (It's all war. And I will
kill you all)

*
*

+++ Franc brutally opens Kyan's pants and begins to suck her
cock, an invisible cock, for we see only Kyan's pubic pussy
hair. Kyan in the body of Solle is amazed. We see on his face
a slight moment of Kyan's face. (superimposed) Franc gets
blood on his mouth and face, more and more. Kyan-he acts as
she was strangled. Like a deep block is painfully being
broken down. Like an open operation without anesthetics.

*
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*
*
*
*
*

Solle-she gets between them and takes Franc like a baby up in
the air and holds him like that. Above her head. Him like
noticing nothing. Kyan-he faints.

*

FRANC-GHOST

I am God (do you believe in me? No)

*
*

Franc falls on the ground and his ghost remains in the hands
of Solle-she. It flies in her hands. She takes it and puts it
in her chest.

*
*
*

FRANC-GHOST (CONT'D)

I am God.

*
*

*Solle-she that raised Franc, changes in Kyan. On the ground
is now Solle. Franc crawls in all his 4, without seeing
anything, his eyes are white, Solle looks at him and comes
close to him and hugs him.*

*
*
*
*

FRANC

Take out of my soul, my doubt. Make
me like you. Perfect. Its the only
one left that keeps me in pain.
That keeps me confused. That keeps
me tied to my life. That lets me
not enjoy freedom. Get me out of
here. Get me out of my doubt. I
want to die.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*

KYAN

Your doubt is with me.

*

FRANC (SUB)

Yes

KYAN

Your doubt burns in me

*

KYAN (CONT'D)

Yes

FRANC (SUB)

I am God

KYAN

Yes

*

Franc and Solle begin a weird dance hugging together, closer
and closer together, dancing until they come body to body and
they become one common mass of being. Amalgamated,
interconnected one into another, like their bodies have
broken and have crossed to the other. *

FRANC (SUB)

My love has no feeling, Solle

SOLLE (SUB)

It is good so

FRANC

My eyes are blind, Solle

SOLLE (SUB)

It is good so.

FRANC

My world is crashing on me, Solle

SOLLE (SUB)

It is all for you to see me better.

Franc is crying at Solle's feet.

SOLLE (SUB) (CONT'D)

Take me into your bleeding heart.

Franc hugs Solle with great compassion and tenderness. Like
you would treat an open wound.

FRANC

Why don't you let me love you,
Solle. Burn with your love, joy and
cry in your love. I need you soo
soo much.

SOLLE (SUB)

That love is for fools. You have
the true love. The unattained love.
The purest of them all. *

Franc let's go Solle from the embrace and steps back.

SOLLE (SUB) (CONT'D)

Remember how you found me. Remember
how you saw me. Don't cover your
eyes in joy.

FRANC

Oh God, you are such a
disappointment. Such a nothing such
a lie.

Franc sits down crouched. Hugging his own feet.

*

FRANC (CONT'D)

Leave me alone to cry my despair.

Solle crouches down too but doesn't approach Franc.

SOLLE (SUB)

The more you cry the closer you are
to me. The more you struggle the
purer you become. The more pain,
the greater the rapture.

FRANC

I don't want you anymore Solle. I
want myself.

SOLLE (V.O.)

Are you alone?

FRANC

No

SOLLE (V.O.)

That is love.

10

REALITY ABANDONED BUILDINGS

10

*

The three of them sit on a rock between the buildings. Franc
sits on his ass. Solle with his head on his lap. Kyan hugs
from behind Franc.

*

*

*

FRANC

Omg, what was that?

*

*

SOLLE

I don't know. Sometimes it just
happens.

*

*

*

KYAN

With him it happens all the time.

*

*

SOLLE

With you happens all the time,
because you are a magical being.

*

*

*

FRANC

I was not expecting that.

*

*

KYAN

No one did. That's just what
happens around Solle most of times.
That's why he lives alone. That's
why he meets few people.

*

*

*

*

*

FRANC
(to Solle)
Are you human?

*
*
*

Solle instead of asking takes Franc's head and get's it closer to him and they kiss.

*
*

FRANC (CONT'D)
Are you God?

*
*

Solle kisses Kyan and tells her.

*

SOLLE
I am nothing.

*
*

KYAN
I know.

*
*

She grabs his head and kisses him passionately. It like taking something from him. From his love. And gives it to Franc by kiss. Franc feels shakes throughout all his body like complete ecstasy runs through him. Solle comes up and hugs him.

*
*
*
*
*

SOLLE
Its ok. Its ok. Let it through you.
Let it pass through all your bones
and muscles and organs and liquids.
Its ok.

*
*
*
*
*

FRANC
Omg, not again.

*
*

KYAN
This is just the beginning.

*
*

FADE WHITE

*

11

+ IN RED BED NAKED. NEXT DAY

11

We see Solle's face, a face that slides in and out of ecstasy, a face that brakes through fabrics dimensions and layers of reality. Franc in hugging him from the back, fucking him hard. Opening him towards the most subtle vibrations of existence. We see through Solle as through a ghost for a short moment.

An radiant apple opening in a crown of light.

Franc cums and stops trusting. The mood quiets down. Solle and Franc kiss, Franc kisses Kyan that is very near them in a common hug. They all hug and feel more the bed around them. And lay in dream.

Kyan's ghost flies out of Solle and back into Kyan's body.

Solle is sitting on his belly, Franc is on his back kissing his shoulder. Kyan is on her back next to Solle

KYAN

Its so quiet in my mind. Its weird.
Is this real?

FRANC

I don't know. I really don't know
anymore.

KYAN

You feel so wonderful on my skin.

FRANC

(to Solle)

Yes it is so wonderful. The way you
are... your fears... your body...
your beauty... (you are destined to
live alone)... I want to be like
you... with your beautiful world
hidden from view. With your love so
real.
Your fears keep you amazing. So
pure. So beautiful.

Franc kisses Solle on his skin.

...

KYAN

Yes I can see love in you know. I
can see it in me. I can see it
everything in this room. IN
everything outside this window.

Kyan comes up and kisses Franc on his lips.

FRANC

Yes, I feel like when I was 6 years
old. I feel like the world has just
been born, like the world is being
born in each moment.
But I am normal, I am a creepy
normal man, with a job, with a
wife, with children, with all of
them living inside me. I have to
go home soon... I have to lose my
love again soon.

Solle smiles with the back to Franc.

...

FRANC (CONT'D)

Solle, you are amazing. Thank you
so much for... everything. I can't

FRANC (CONT'D)

Its too painful, to lose love again and again. To long for love all the time. But I want to see you again.

KYAN

But the love is always in you. I lost it but we can find it again. Is not Solle, is you, is you finding love. The same love I have, the same love Solle has. The same your wife has and all the other guys you fucked. Its all the same love we share.

FRANC

But it's better like this. Let's keep only this magic moments. Isn't it?

SOLLE

(Is not magic. You scare me.) You transform in a normal man. Please dont do it here. Please remain pure here.

FRANC

(to himself)

Maybe if I didn't had children so young I'd never married. And maybe we could be together in love. But I really believe this is the best way. You're smart. You understand.

Solle turns back to face Franc.

SOLLE

Yeah, you're right. I need to be alone. That's where love is the strongest.

Solle kisses Franc, Franc like bursting kisses him with passion.

FRANC

(watery eyes)

Thank you [for your understanding, for your kindness, for your frailty]

CUT TO

Franc is getting dressed alone somewhere far away from the bed. He doesn't look back to Solle and Kyan.

SOLLE

Thank you Franc. (People as you are so few in this world.

SOLLE (CONT'D)

Thank you for coming through my life) I hope you will renounce your normal man and come to me... and explore this world of love, of truth. I love you.

Franc gets out the door.

Kyan crosses through de frame going to the toilet.

Solle is alone in the bed.

KYAN

Will he forget us?

SOLLE

Now we are in love.

Kyan flushes the toilet and comes back to the bed. She sits and puts her clothes one.

KYAN

Why do you think love is so fragile? Why do we lose it so easily?

Solle give no answer. Kyan continues dressing.

12

FRANC IN THE NIGHT STREETS

12

Franc is walking through the lighted streets of the gloomy city by night (decebal bulevard)

He enters a small shop and buys some beers.

Sits on a bench on the sidewalk and opens a beer. People is walking across the sidewalk through the night, to bars, clubs, homes, walking dogs. He drinks. And drinks again. Looks at the people.

Takes out his phone and scrolls through. Messages and massages of fuck on planetromeo. he reads none. Closes app.

Enters call log and calls his wife.

FRANC

Heii.

WIFE

Heii

FRANC

How are you.

WIFE

I am ok. vou?

FRANC

I love you, you know. I love you more than my life, more than anything that happened in my life.

WIFE

I know.

FRANC

I am just stupid like this. I don't know why my love for you doesn't cleanse myself.

WIFE

I know baby, I know. Are you drinking.

FRANC

A little bit.

WIFE

Come home. Please.

FRANC

What are the minions doing.

WIFE

It's late, sleeping, sleeping.

FRANC

Would you make love to me tonight?

WIFE

Come home, please.

FRANC

Please, tell me. Would you? Would you open yourself to me?

WIFE

Not like this Franc, please stop talking to me like this. Come home. We'll talk here about it. Close. In love.

FRANC

If you would love me, you would talk to me about it at this fucking phone.

Sudden rage spill in Franc he throws the phone on the ground and brakes it with his feet. While screaming a weird singing scream. *Like a dialogue of hate and fake towards his wife and family. Towards a life he was conned into. His children and wife. He was promised truth through family and all he received was more and more bullshit. But now a very hardcore bullshit where lives are in danger.*

FRANC (CONT'D)

I don't care, I don't care, fuck off.

He throws his beer can on the phone as well. And as in a butoh dance he sits down next to the phone and beer can and takes them with care and hugs them.

FRANC (CONT'D)

You stupid stupid shitty mother fuckers. You fucking creepy shitty shit. I fucking hate youuuu. Fucking hate youuuu. You've destroyed my life.

(he looks in the camera)
But maybe this life, our own fff life, the life we paid for, it doesn't exist. And is all just an illusion. A painful throbbing bloody illusion.....

Kyan appears near his face and hugs him. And looks at him and kisses his cheek with her eyes closed as to feel better the love she transmits to him. Franc closes his eye. He breaths deeply. Kyan continuously slowly whispers something into his cheek. Franc turns to her and hugs her very very close. They are alone in the whole universe. Nothing outside themselves can be heard. They kiss deep and passionate. Their shinny saliva smudges their mouths and faces. Saliva as a metaphoric liquid love that circulates now as a whole through them as a living being. *

They continuously morph from one moment to another, in new places, in new times, in all spaces in all times, in nothingness in all isness. We see them as they become from human a whole symphony of abstract forms until they become landscape. Part of a moving throbbing savage red wild forest. On a spaceless fluid timeless planet. *

CUT TO *

The bench where Franc was, is empty, the world continues in its ruthless realism. Empty and suffering. People with street faces walk along. Cars drive as nothing has happened. *

BLCK *